

It's Not a Waffle if it Isn't Belgian by I speak Dapper (MaddAsAHat)

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Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper & The Party, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

For National Stranger Things Day

The party decides El needs to try some not-frozen waffles, so they take her to Ihop. Jim and Joyce tag along.

Post season-2.

It's Not a Waffle if it Isn't Belgian

Author's Note:

WOW, so I really hope this isn't terrible but I apologize if it is. I wrote this in under an hour, on a whim for National Stranger Things Day (Nov. 6) and just wanted to get it posted before the day is over. It is currently unedited.

Don't ask me where the title came from cos idek, I just needed one.

mylord-mrclarke.tumblr.com, if you're interested

"Please, chief?"

"Yeah, she can't properly love waffles until she tries a Belgian one!"

"You know it would probably make her day."

"Don't you think she deserves that?"

"And we're all starving, anyway."

Mike, Dustin, Lucas, Will, and Max, respectively, stood around the police chief, Jim Hopper, begging him for a midnight trip to the International House of Pancakes. It had been a number of months since they had closed the gate and El had basically been put on lock-down, and everyone thought she deserved a nice trip out for waffles. Good waffles.

"Look, kids, I know you think this is a good idea right now, but truth is, we don't know if anything has died down entirely yet, or if there are people that might still be looking for her..." The chief sighed. How was he supposed to explain this situation to teenagers? Sure, they had been there for everything that had happened so far, but did they really understand the potential danger they could all still be in? He looked over at Joyce Byers for help.

Joyce stood in a corner of the chief's office, watching the situation go down and biting her lip. She had agreed to drive the kids to the

station to accost Hopper (since they couldn't very well do this at his cabin, where El could overhear their plan), because, as much as she agreed with him (who knew when the danger really would be over), she also agreed with the kids: goodness knows that poor girl deserved something special, a nice treat every now and then.

"I mean, if we go late enough...they'll still be open, Hop, and hardly anyone else will be there." She reasoned, and she could see all the kids' faces light up (particularly Mike Wheeler's). "It couldn't hurt to do one, quick trip, could it?" She could see conflict on his face and stepped forward. "Just for tonight, Hop. She'd really love it."

He thought for a moment, before rubbing a hand over his face and sighing.

"Alright, fine. But you five-" He turned to the five youngest people in the room. "You tell your parents you're going to Ihop, for pancakes. Joyce and I will chaperone, and we'll make sure we get you all home at a decent time. That's it, short and simple, got it?"

Everyone nodded.

"Okay. Now get out." He didn't mean it to come out harsh, but the kids scurried out of the office anyway. Before Joyce got through the door, he muttered to her, "Guess you and me are looking at a late night tonight."

"Okay, are you ready?" Mike asked her, and El nodded, closing her eyes and allowing him to gently tie a blindfold around her head.

"Where are we going?"

"I told you, somewhere special, but I can't tell you because it's a surprise, that's what the blindfold's for."

"Right." She nodded again, and they descended into silence for a moment before she said in slightly panicky voice, "Mike??"

"Yeah, I'm here. Don't worry." He took her hand. He forgot that lack of sight combined with too much silence could make her uneasy. "I'll just...keep talking until we get there, okay?" She gave his hand a

squeeze and nodded a third time.

"Tell me about school."

He let out a surprised laugh. "What? Why do you want to know about school?"

"Because I've never been to one. And the chief...dad...tells me I'm going to start going there next year."

"Well, school usually sucks, but it'll be way more awesome once you're there." He blushed and was almost embarrassed when he remembered she couldn't see it. He could see the pink coloring her cheeks though, and he smiled.

"It's just a place you go to to learn about different things. And hang out with your friends when it's not the weekend." She nodded in understanding, and even though her eyes were obscured by the thin cloth he'd chosen to cover them, he could tell she was excited.

"Kid! You ready?" Mike heard Hopper's voice calling through the cabin, followed by Joyce's voice scolding him for saying "kid" instead of Mike's actual name. Mike honestly didn't care.

"Coming!" He called back.

"You ready?" He asked El again, and again, she nodded and squeezed his hand.

She was aware of the walk to the car, and the car ride itself, and she was aware of being led into a place with bright lights that leaked through her blindfold, some chattering, and some amazing smells. She was then aware of sitting down.

"Can I take this off yet?" She asked to whoever was listening, hand that wasn't currently being held by Mike inching towards her blindfold.

"Ah-na-na-na-na, not yet!" Dustin said quickly, pushing her hand back down. "Surprise isn't done yet."

She frowned but conceded, laying her free hand in her lap.

"Hi there, my names Alyssa, can I get you anything to drink?" An unfamiliar voice was heard and El tensed slightly, but with another squeeze of her hand from Mike, she calmed.

"Actually, we already know what we want." Hopper's voice chipped in. "Could I get..."

Everyone went around the table, ordering a number of different things, from pancakes, eggs and bacon, sandwiches, and even something weird called a "pot roast melt"... until it was Mike's turn.

"Yeah, um...could I get two these?" El was disappointed she couldn't see what Mike was ordering, but she guessed he must be pointing to the item in the menu. He continued, "One with whipped cream, and do you have chocolate chips?"

"Don't forget the chocolate sauce!"

"Dustin, you can't have chips *and* sauce-"

"Well, why the hell not?!"

"*Because-*"

"Okay, okay, you two shut up." That was the chief's voice. "Just get the chips, and could we get the sauce on the side?"

"Ooh, do you have caramel sauce?"

"Dustin, what the hell?" Max's voice cut in.

"I'm just asking! You want this to be a perfect surprise, don't you?"

"We're not trying to give her a heart attack." Now Lucas was speaking, until the chief spoke up again, over the group.

"Caramel sauce on the side too, please."

"And strawberries." Will piped up. Everyone was silent, and El guessed they were all staring at him.

"Strawberries are good with...well, you know."

On the other side of the blindfold, the waitress nodded, and then went through everyone's orders, somehow *still* only saying "-and two of those, one with whipped cream, chocolate and caramel sauces on the side, and some strawberries. Alrighty, just sit tight and I'll have your orders ready as soon as I can."

It was silent again when El asked, "Can I please take this off now?"

In response, she felt Mike's hand leave hers and go to her hair, gently untying the cloth and removing it from her head. She blinked uncomfortably, the lights were so bright.

"Where are we?"

"Thop!" Will replied.

"It stands for the International House of Pancakes." Lucas said.

"They do serve more than just pancakes, though." Dustin added, and El giggled. "I know, I could hear all your orders."

They made chitchat, Mike recruiting the other four to help him tell El about school, until their plates arrived. Of course, El's came last.

It was a Belgian waffle, with a pad of butter in the middle and whipped cream circling the ends. Chocolate chips were scattered around, melted into the waffle, and tiny cups of chocolate and caramel sauce came on the side, as well as a small dish of strawberry halves. El was astounded.

"Now you just have to decide what flavor syrup you want." Mike grinned, and Dustin slid over the syrup tray. They had classic maple, strawberry, and blueberry. Still, she gaped.

"El, you okay?" Mike looked concerned.

"Is this my surprise?" She turned to look at him.

"Yeah...do you like it? I mean, I know you like eggos, but we all thought you should try a waffle that wasn't frozen first, and this place

makes some pretty good Belgian waffles, and we just thought it'd be a nice surprise for you..." He was rambling. He did that when he got nervous, she'd started to notice, so she grabbed his hand.

"I love it." She then turned to look at the rest of them. "Thank you, all of you." They shared a moment before Dustin told her excitedly, "Well, dig in, already!"

It was definitely a hundred times better than eggos, she thought. She'd have to ask Hopper...dad, to start buying these waffles for her in the future.

Author's Note:

I probably butchered Ihop's menu but I DON'T GIVE A FUCK.

Anyway, like I said, I hope it isn't terrible. If you see any mistakes or something doesn't make sense, please feel free to point it out to me, I will definitely come back and edit it later. :)

Reviews help me sustain my will to live.